

# Lyric of the Week—LYRIC

## THE WEEK AT THE THEATRES.

**SALT LAKE THEATRE.**  
Boston Lyric Opera Company.  
Monday and Thursday, "Carmen"; Tuesday, "Il Trovatore"; Wednesday night and Saturday matinee, "The Idol's Eye"; Friday, "Wang"; Saturday night, "Mignon".

**NEW GRAND.**  
Ralph E. Cummings Stock company in "Lord Chumley" all week.

**MANAGER KALLMAN** remarked the other day that Sol Smith Russell never would play "Peaceful Valley" after seeing Ralph E. Cummings in the leading role.

Mr. Russell was right. This was probably his first opportunity of seeing the play from the front of the house, where he might judge the extremely few merits and ocean of demerits the piece possesses. So far as Mr. Cummings is concerned, there can be no criticism to offer. He does not seem to have any of the "peaceful" about him. But just why "Peaceful Valley" ever was tolerated, unless perchance because it was linked with the name of Russell, is not quite clear. It is one of those rollicking comedy dramas without any particular point to it. A farmer boy for a hero is a theme upon which the prehistoric Greeks might have written, from the point of its antiquity. The play has some scenes that would today turn the tide of favor from Lincoln Carter, were they carried through the plot—the hero knocking the villain down a hill, for example—and when the lawsuit game has been rung in to make the hero rich in the last act, it is apt to strike one that the playwright was in pretty bad circumstances. Nevertheless, this play has caught public favor and held it in many a city more cosmopolitan than Salt Lake. For some reason local theatre-goers didn't take it at all. While Mr. Cummings' splendid comedy work was appreciated by those who witnessed it, patronage was alarmingly indifferent.

Mr. Cummings has by this time quite fully demonstrated his versatility. He has been seen in a different role each week, and were the town to vote on the question, a majority would probably say they liked him best in "Captain Swift." It is not that the piece that the company showed to best advantage. There was no comedy in it for the star, but proving that it isn't absolutely necessary for Mr. Cummings to be funny. It is hoped that more plays of the "Captain Swift" stripe will be presented by this excellent little Stock company. This week, in the title role of "Lord Chumley," Mr. Cummings has a broad comedy part, in which he is said to excel.

Could Hall Caine have foreseen the great adaptability of his novel for the stage, it is just possible that "The Christian" never would have appeared as a book. The general verdict with reference to this great work seems to be that the play is greater than the original form in which the story was presented. It was given to the stage with many grave faults, but the play itself did well to entrust it in the hands of Viola Allen, for it was she who brought the play into prominence and established it so that the play is a talent might risk taking it on the road. "The Christian" was dramatized under the supervision of the author, just at a time when the play was being written. The Frohmans, commercial realism entered into its construction. Miss Allen was to take the part of the heroine, and had to be the feature to assure its success. For this reason an effort was made to make Gloria Quayle the center of the plot and the story was built around her. This was unnatural. Storm is the real great character of the story, and he lived through the hostility of the playwright, and the hostility of the audience. It was impossible to make Storm a secondary character, and the natural result was the elevation of Gloria to the importance of her opposite. Both were brought out more strongly and this contributes largely to the conclusion that the play is greater than the novel.

But there is much room for improvement in the play as it is today. What on earth Hall Caine was doing in the play, so long as there was any other avenue by which to introduce his characters, is a puzzle. The curtain rises on the late of Mac. We learn that Storm wants to be a minister and Gloria a hospital nurse. Their intention to leave home is made clear and the rest amounts to nothing. The characters are introduced for no reason, and it keeps one puzzled through the play to know just what connection they have with it. True, it is not necessary to know the earlier lives of the principal characters, but there is surely some way of getting around this without introducing a feature not alone unnecessary for its irrelevancy, but one which prolongs the play until a half hour before midnight.

With the prologue eliminated, "The Christian" is one of the greatest dramatic studies ever produced. It is fascinating in its action, deep yet clear in motive, pure in sentiment and grand in intensity. Every line in it is worth something, and Caine has given it a religious nature that one can almost breathe.

The character of John Storm is one that requires study and one in which the temperament of the actor must display itself. It is not necessary to be in excellent hands. Although a young man, Lionel Adams gives it an interpretation in which the John Storm of the novel is reflected. He forgets that he is Adams, apparently, and presents every carefully measured detail as though he had been born the ministerial robes all his life and was in reality the meek, soft, conservative and fanatical priest he represents. Mr. Adams was formerly with Mrs. J. K. Stuart, the glory of the company which appeared last week, rises to an unusual pitch in her emotional scenes. There is much in her work to admire, but she can never be an ideal Gloria Quayle.

There is nothing more interesting than to watch an audience through performance like "The Christian," in which the tenderest emotions are excited and must find expression in the man or woman who is not moved in the degree by the soft scenes of a drama, well rendered, has yet to live. The popular way for a woman to vent her feelings is to produce a handkerchief. A man will always give a little cough, or gulp, or both. That is just to keep hear it from the back of the house, and at times one might think the town was in the grasp of an epidemic of lung trouble.

Richard Golden did not like the reception accorded him in Salt Lake, if reports that come from behind the scenes are true. Because of the scarcity of certain casts, Mr. Golden is said to have referred to his audience on the opening night as "a lot of coal-heavies."

who don't know a good show when they see it." Perhaps by the time Mr. Golden comes this way again the Salt Lake public will have risen to the standard required to appreciate "Old Ed Frouty." But heaven forbid!

The following will be of unusual interest to Salt Lakeers. It is clipped from the Albany Journal and dated Washington, D. C. Maude Adams played here last week. During her spare time she made arrangements to contest for her share of the claim now pending, \$10,000. Senate bill No. 1,818 is entitled an act to confer jurisdiction upon the claim of the personal representative of the estate of William Kiskadden, deceased, which in itself, will help the passage of the bill. The William Kiskadden mentioned in the bill is the father of Judge William Kiskadden of Ohio. The bill, which is the father of the property destroyed and, according to the bill, he is the only one who can collect any amount which may be agreed upon by the court.

Now Miss Adams claims that her father, James Kiskadden, a brother of the William Kiskadden mentioned in the bill, was jointly interested in the transportation business during the last years of his life, and that consequently he is entitled to one-half of the amount which may be paid on the claim.

Before Ralph E. Cummings was at the head of his own company, in the days which belong in the career of every actor, he was a stage villain. He was speaking of his experiences the other night.

"I look back on that period of my life with remorse," said Mr. Cummings. "I have a record for crime which I have reason to think has never been beaten. During my six years of villainy I killed less than 4,000 men, women and children, and stole exactly \$17,388,235.02 in cash, to say nothing of stocks and bonds, wills, priceless gems, estates, gold mines and truffles of that sort. For six years I lived a life of crime. The police were powerless to check it. Six nights in the week and at two matinees, I made strenuous and extremely successful efforts to exhaust the patience of the audience. I did everything wicked but bite people, not that my blood-thirsty nature revolted at this form of crime, but because playing the stage villain opportunity for mayhem. My lines consisted chiefly of 'I must dissemble,' etc., and I nearly ruined my teeth by constantly gnawing on my fingers."

"Once we ran three railway dramas in succession. In the first the railway employee was poisoned at the switch; then I maliciously and fiendishly threw two innocent people into a rocky gorge 2,000 feet deep. The hero, though, got left at the first station back, and the slaughter went on. He arrived at the station, and I was in time to capture me. The next week the switchman was sandbagged and placed under a trestle, which I had previously weakened. All hands were again ground to atoms except the hero; he was not on board. In the last play the switchman was branded with a sledge hammer, and the head and division which followed his absence from his post of duty rendered the locomotive unfit for service pending repairs."

"And yet I was not wholly satisfied. More than once, after lashing the life out of Uncle Tom, I have disappeared behind the scenes to feed little Eva on chewing gum while listening to the dying moans of the slave. 'I have been shot, stabbed, drowned, crushed, thrown over precipices and lynched,' I have done it all. I have been a window. Once the hero chased me up a tree and would have shot me to load the property man forgotten to load the property. I could not get out of the tree without spoiling the play, so I guess I must have starved to death at that time. This was probably the most irksome and uncomfortable of all my varied denises. Another drawback to my full enjoyment of my criminal career was the open hatred with which I inspired the gallery boys. I can't quite understand why the gallery hates the villain with such genuine fervor. He has to kill people, wreck trains, and widows, and personal cupids, or they won't have the play at any price."

"Finally I made up my mind to resign," concluded Mr. Cummings. "I resigned my position. Then followed weeks of idleness, for managers would have nothing for no other line of work. I finally, however, secured an engagement with the late W. J. Scanlon as leading juvenile. Since then I have never played a villain."

### GLIMMERINGS.

Lulu Glasser has failed to "make good" in "Sweet Ann Page," her late comic opera.

Mrs. Brune has changed her route, and will not play "Theodora" in Salt Lake. "Theodora" dates early in February.

E. H. Sothern has announced an early London engagement of "Hamlet."

Julia Arthur has retired from the stage permanently.

Friday's dispatches conveyed the news of the death of Ben Leavitt, an old-time theatrical manager, at his home in Patterson, N. J.

The last time Sol Smith Russell was here he gave a performance of "Peaceful Valley." That was nearly twelve years ago. The actor was so enraged over the trouble he encountered with the theatre people, mainly on account of the Heywood syndicate, that he declared he would never visit Salt Lake again. And he never has.

Because an English mutton chop was slightly frizzled on one side when presented to him at breakfast the other morning, Richard Mansfield scared the life out of the Chicago syndicate, caused a great scene and wound up by leaving the hotel. Mansfield certainly throws his whole soul into a part—any old part.

The Managers' Association of America, an organization of theatrical managers, has been incorporated at Albany. Its objects are the mutual benefit and protection of its members. The directors are Gus Hill, Hollis E. Coley, Henry Myers, Julia Hurlie, Thomas W. Broadhurst, Aubrey Mittenhall, Bernard A. Meyers and Ernest Shipman. The New York and Lincoln J. Carter of Chicago.

By arrangement with Daniel Frohman, Wagstaffs and Kemper will present Henry Miller at the Lyceum theatre in New York City, in a Madeline Lucette Ryle's play, "Richard Savage." The new play is being produced in other cities, and is said to be one of the best ever written by this gifted author. It is based on the career of Richard Savage, a poet of the eighteenth century.

On the sale of the novel in a Chicago retail book store is very dubious as to the influence of the drama. He was led to this opinion by a woman who insisted that she wanted to buy "A Day in a Harem," because she was going to see Crane act in it, and wanted to read the book first. She accepted "David Copperfield" reluctantly, and left the store looking as if she thought she had been swindled.

James O'Neill was caught beneath the

mass of sea cloth used to represent the waters about the Chateau d'If scene in "Monte Cristo" at Hartford last week, through which he comes to the instant climax of the play. He came near being suffocated, and the services of a physician were needed to revive him.

The Cincinnati Enquirer has the following story of interest to the west: "That actor who was playing the city clerk in the play 'The Idiot's Eye' at the termination of Nat Goodwin's season in the northwest last spring. The gentleman was a member of the Goodman company last year and says that the dispatches which were sent out from the Goodman company were not true. He says that the real facts in the case are that the festive Nathaniel visited a faro bank in Butte and, during a dispute, grabbed the bank in suit and was attempting to get away with it when the Montana players landed upon his anatomy from the bushes, inflicting wounds and bruises that sent the comedian in a bed for several days, and compelled the cancellation of his dates in the interim. The fact is that when Goodman got back to New York and was about to sail for England he was still suffering from the effects of the beating he received in Butte, and the aid of a doctor was needed to induce sleep, as he was suffering from insomnia."

The newspapers of the various points lately visited in the south by William A. Brady's production of "Way Down East," found both in local and editorial columns a number of criticisms of this now famous drama. Their comment, to quite an extent, has been upon the class of people that attend the theatre to see this attraction. They invariably state that the theme of the play is so great that it draws a class in places who are but seldom seen at the theatre, and that it is a class at that who have always placed a ban upon dramatic representations.

Duse is going to play in "Tess of the d'Urbervilles," and the version being made for her in Italian will follow that in English. Mrs. Fiske, she will not, as reported, play in the dramatization made from the Hardy novel, considering Lorimer Stoddard's play adaptation. "Tess" is a play that has had other performances than those by Mrs. Fiske, although a version put forward in a suburban London theatre a few months ago was a failure. Edith Crane of "Trilby" fame has played the character in Australia. In New York she was put forward in one of the New York theatres. Although the authorship was ascribed to M. Seifert, its general resemblance to "Tess" appears to have been striking. The subtitle was "The Revenge of a Woman."

### COMING EVENTS.

Tomorrow night comes the opera. For a week the walls of the city have been decorated; one could not walk a block on Main street without running into a frame of photographs, while dramatic and musical editors have been haunted by the busy press agent whose theme has been "Collamarini." Collamarini! Collamarini!

That the great contralto and the Boston Lyric company have been well advertised in Salt Lake there is no question, and it only remains for them to fulfill the promises which have been made. The company has been well advertised to the establishment of Salt Lake. At least he said for Collamarini that she comes here with a record of success in other cities. Her support, Russo is a well known tenor and he, too, has been well received.

The remaining support will be furnished by a company which is too well known in the city to require any particular explanation.

During the engagement, which will last a week, there will be four performances of grand opera. With Collamarini, Russo and Alessandroni, and three of the original Boston Lyric company. The engagement will be opened with "Carmen," which will also be the bill for Thursday night. On Tuesday evening, "Il Trovatore" will be sung, with Collamarini, Russo and Alessandroni. Friday night will come opera with "Wang," which will be presented, and the opera season will be closed on Saturday night with "Mignon." Collamarini singing the title role.

It has been a long while since Salt Lake has heard grand opera in the form it should be. The company is well recommended and of the whole the engagement should be a big success. The advance sale has been heavy.

If the merit of the piece and hard work count for anything, the Cummings Stock company will play the banner week thus far of their engagement in David Belasco's "Lord Chumley," beginning tomorrow night. This is the play that made the Cummings Stock company a success. E. H. Sothern, and very few actors besides him have made a success of it. Mr. Cummings is said to be one of the best. The little play is a broad comedy part—the lord being an all around good fellow, without a cent to his name—and the other characters are said to give the company the best opportunity it has had. Miss Douglas will be seen as Meg. The piece has been rehearsed so thoroughly during the week it would be impossible for anything but a good performance to result. The cast is as follows:

Lord George Cholmondeley, known as Adam Butterworth, retired. Harry Hynes, Lieutenant Gerald Hugh Butterworth. William Douglas, William Douglas. Casper LeSage, a gentleman with an elastic conscience. Robert Cummings, Tommy Tucker, stoker on the "Midnight Flyer." Charles Glyn, Blink Blank, an authority on jail life in Europe. Joseph Downs, Eleanor, the queen of Lummy Tum. Jessie Deane, nicknamed "Little Red Riding Hood." Edith Hall, Lady Adeline Barker, forty, fair and young. Ruth Holt, Meg, the angel of the statue. Blanche Douglas.

**LYRICS.**  
The Salt Lake Opera company is rehearsing "Fatinista" regularly, with Mrs. Kahn in the contralto role. The opera will not be produced until the latter part of March. The members of the chorus are too busily engaged with "Faust," which the choir is to sing with Sembrich.

It is estimated that 12,000 musical students are studying at the present time in Germany. Of this number, 5 per cent are women. The average period of each student is three years.

With a week of grand and comic opera, to be followed by Sousa, then the Ridges testimonial, Sembrich, the home opera company and the Christian Science concert, it certainly does not look as though the town will want for musical entertainment the remainder of the winter. Nearly every artist in town has a list of dates before him and

the studios these days are busy scenes of rehearsals and practice.

Word comes from the east that Sallie Fisher has taken an engagement with Henry E. Dine in "The Burgomaster," recently produced in Philadelphia and Washington. Miss Fisher's friends will be pleased to learn of her beginning. She is one of Salt Lake's most talented vocalists.

George F. Hinton, assistant manager of the Boston Lyric company, is securing a choir of chorists for the Boston Lyric company. The children's chorus of 300 voices will assist in the afternoon concert and the choir takes part in the night performance. There is no reason to doubt that Sallie will be the same favorite as he was when last here. The band has just returned from a triumphal tour of Europe.

The concert for the benefit of the First Congregational church occurs tonight. The program has been arranged. Professor Radcliffe, Mont Perry, Hugh Douglas, Miss Lillian Oliver and Mrs. Kate Caldwell are among those who will take part.

Colonel Thompson of the Boston Lyric company is going to Salt Lake. He has one young lady in mind whom he hopes to engage to sing small parts. The colonel says he has heard of the Salt Lake Opera company everywhere, and he put off engaging people until his arrival here, in the hope that he would be able to secure some of the members of this splendid organization.

It is a fact not generally known that neither the pipe organ is being constructed in Salt Lake. It is for the Christian Scientist church, and will probably be completed within the next week or two. The organ is to be placed in the church to celebrate the event. The organ is being built by John Brown of Wilmington, Del. It has 1,800 pipes, and the improvements are being installed in the instrument, including tablets instead of draw stops. Professor Radcliffe, who is in charge of the work, says the probability are, says the arrangement of the keyboard excels anything of the kind he has ever seen.

Mr. Brown has been industriously at work for several weeks and he hopes to have the organ finished in time for the concert next Saturday evening, although it may go over until next week.

Letters from the Salt Lake colony in New York give glowing accounts of the great success of the Boston Lyric company. Mrs. C. C. Plummer, by the New Yorkers who have heard her sing. Mrs. Plummer is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. W. Leavitt, a prominent Baptist. On invitation, Mrs. Plummer sang for the Baptist Ministerial association of New York City, and her performance was a success. This was followed by a request to sing at the Congregational church of New York, where she was given a most enthusiastic reception. Later, at Dr. Dixon's church in New York, the pastor made special acknowledgment of the pleasure she had given him and his people. Mrs. Plummer's triumph with no little satisfaction.

Miss Sinclair and Mr. J. P. Murphy will sing the "O Deus Ego," by Wernig, for the offertory at St. Mary's today.

Choir hall was invaded by an army of children last week applying for places in the children's chorus which is to sing at the Sousa matinee. Professor Stephens now has 500 voices in the juvenile organization and overflow rehearsals are taking place. After tomorrow's practices at 4 o'clock no more will be admitted.

Professor Stephens announces a special rehearsal of the tabernacle choir at 8 o'clock on Monday night. The choruses for the Sousa concert and Ridges testimonial are claiming a great deal of the choir's attention.

The Chaminade chorus is to meet on Thursday morning at 10:30 at Calder's hall for rehearsal.

Mrs. Catherine Ellsworth, a favorite soprano of New York, is to appear for the first time in Salt Lake at the Congregational church concert tomorrow night.

The "Tyrol Queen" opera, which has recently been put on in a number of the west houses under the direction of Miss Lillian May Stagner, is making a record. Last Friday evening's presentation proved such a success that the performance will be repeated here on the Ninth ward meeting house annex tomorrow night. The thirty juveniles in the cast sing their parts remarkably well, their age notwithstanding.

Professor Cook's piano pupils give their seventeenth recital at his studio, Canon House, on next Saturday afternoon. Mr. Schettler, violinist, and Mr. Bull, baritone, will assist.

### A Good Thing.

German Syrup is the special prescription of Dr. A. Bonchee, a celebrated German Physician, and is acknowledged to be one of the most fortunate discoveries in medicine. It is quickly cures Coughs, Colds and all Lung troubles of the severest nature, removing, as it does, the cause of the affection and leaving the parts in a strong and healthy condition. It is not an experimental medicine, but has stood the test of years, giving satisfaction in every case, which its rapidly increasing sale every season confirms. Two million bottles sold annually. Bonchee's German Syrup was introduced in the United States in 1888, and is now sold in every town and village in the civilized world. Three doses will insure recovery from any cough. Price 75c. Get Green's Prize Almanac. For sale by Smith Drug Co.

### SOME UNSUNG HEROES

#### AMONG U. S. MARSHALS

(New York Mail and Express.)  
When a United States secret service agent starts after a criminal he generally lands his man. The government has plenty of money, and the secret service department is never stinted for means with which to pursue an offender. The agent is quick and efficient. Neither is time any object, excepting, of course, that the agent is expected to use all diligence in bringing the criminal to speedy justice. But while city or state officials may work hard on a case for a few months and then, if unsuccessful, drop it entirely, a federal agent will not let a case go until the business is in hand for years, and may travel around the world before he concludes it. Until conclusive proof is obtained of the death of the criminal, he is "on the list" of some particular secret service agent, who never lets up in the search.

The agents may be said, in a modified sense, of the United States marshals throughout the country. The marshals, however, are more subject to political changes, and planning cases for them is more liable to change hands from one marshal to another, which militates against the capture of the offender.

In the north and west a large part of the detective work of a United States marshal's office consists in locating and running down the operators of illicit

whisky stills. It is not only difficult, but very dangerous work. The people in the mountains of Tennessee and Kentucky and in the Ozarks of Missouri, firmly believe in their right to make whisky without paying a government tax, and he who is most successful at dodging a revenue agent or deputy marshal is a hero among his fellows. The life of a government agent in these districts is held cheap, in other respects the people are a law-abiding and harmless class, who have but little education and desire but little.

Near Decatur, Ala., there was, a few years ago, a famous deputy marshal named Bird Smith. He was young in years, but old in the lore of the backwoodsman, and he knew the people of the country and their ways as though it had all been written out, and he had read it in a book. Smith's specialty was catching illicit distillers. He always rode alone, and on horseback. His horse, Major, was a coal black and a cross between a thoroughbred and a heavy coach horse, and was unusually big and heavy. Major was well trained, and would follow Smith around like a dog, and it almost broke the deputy marshal's heart when he discovered that Major would not do for the same job as he was then playing against the violators of the revenue law. There wasn't a better saddle horse in northern Alabama. He could go farther in a day, could stand more rough usage and was more affectionate and obedient than any horse Smith had ever seen, and he had a great number; but Major wouldn't do a thing for his sister's use.

Smith had made several captures, and enjoyed a reputation among the people back in the hills as a dangerous man. Mothers frightened their children by telling them, "Bird Smith'll git you-alls shot." He was feared, which some one has said is the next best thing to being loved. Then Smith got Major, and rode proudly out of Decatur to do a little scouting in the backwoods. He rode at night, sleeping in the dense forest during the day time. On the second day of his journey, when he was nearing the district in which he expected to begin active operations, a heavy rain storm came up, soaking the only roadway and making it almost impassable. Smith had still some ten miles to go, and because the flying clouds hid the moon, shutting off all light, he was forced to travel during the day.

Smith had not gone more than two miles when he was startled by a hail from a voice in the brush.

"Hello, Bird Smith, what you cuss; what you-alls don't you hear?"

Major stood still, while Smith slewed around in the saddle in time to see a coal-black old native jump out into the road.

"Oh, just looking for lost cattle," replied the deputy marshal.

"Seems to me I've come down to cote when Abe Jenkins was up fur 'stillin'."

"Oh, you're crazy, old man. Never saw you before," said Smith, and he shook to his horse and rode on in no pleasant frame of mind.

The old man watched Smith until he had disappeared. Then he regarded the deputy marshal, smiling and hurried off into the woods.

Smith worked hard. He hunted high and low. He came across places in which "stillers" had evidently been located at some time; but he found nothing tangible, and returned to Decatur a week later, a disappointed, discouraged old fellow.

Three times after that Bird Smith went into the districts in which his superiors knew illicit distillers were in operation. But a "hoo-oo" seemed to hang over the once successful deputy. He didn't make a single capture; didn't locate a single "still." He was thinking seriously of resigning his office and returning to the plow on his father's farm, when he discovered the cause of his ill-luck.

"Hy gum, Bird," exclaimed one of his friends one day, while admiring his horse, Major, "he's a powerful fine boss; but he suttinly do make a big track in the road."

"Eh, what's that?"

"I say, look at the hoofs on him."

"What's the matter with his hoofs? They're perfectly sound."

"Zactly; but look at the size uv 'em."

Smith looked. Of course he knew all along that Major, being an exceptionally big horse, left big tracks behind him; but he had never noticed before how very big those tracks were.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" he exclaimed. "The horse is struck by lightning after a moment's thought he slowly said: 'And that's just what beat me out in the hills. Those tracks! Major,

old boss, you stay at home after this when I go after moonshiners.' Later, when Smith had made a number of successful raids on a smaller herd of moonshiners told him that the old man who met him when he made his first trip on Major had noticed the unusual size of the horse's tracks. After that, although Smith might do all his traveling at night time, the natives the following morning would see Major's tracks in the road, and would know that Bird Smith was in the neighborhood. The alarm would go forth immediately all through the district, and Smith's visits were always anticipated.

Another deputy United States marshal who was well known throughout his district was the late Sam Sikkler. Sikkler was not a nickname; it was really the deputy's name. He was a full-blooded Indian on the staff of the United States marshal in the upper district of Indian Territory. Out at Tall-Fogus and Muskogee they never say "Indian Territory," but simply "The Nation," short for "The Indian Nation." Residing in the border town of Kansas, before Oklahoma was created, also referred to the territory as "down in the Nation."

Sam Sikkler didn't hunt moonshiners particularly, but he was sudden death to road agents, like the members of the Dalton gang. The Daltons, on their side, were loaded for Sam, and constantly on the lookout for him.

One day, a few summers ago, while Sam was riding in the doorway of a country trading store at a cross-roads settlement in "The Nation," three men rode up on horseback. Sam regarded them with interest, and they took him pipe from his mouth preparatory to addressing him. Before the deputy marshal could say a word the three strangers lifted their Winchester rifles and fired. Sam Sikkler with bullets. The trio turned their horses sharply around, rode off at a furious pace, and made good their escape. It was believed at the time that they were members of the notorious Dalton gang.

A deputy marshal, on a salary of \$75 a month, in the great southwest, is often as heroic a figure as the soldier who leads a charge on a battlefield; but he is unhonored and unsung.

Would Like Some.  
(Philadelphia Press.)  
"What do you find in that stupid old paper to keep you so busy?" petulantly asked Mrs. Youngcouple.  
"I was just looking at the money market," he answered.  
"Oh, do they have a money market? Are there any bargains?"

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